

THE POT.

Drink Arsenic in
Coffee.

RIGHTS ARE DEAD.

ers of the Family
Condition.

FAMILY SUSPECTED

son in the Coffee, but
Doing So a Mya-
roner's Inquest.

March 18.—(Spe-
lness of a family—
ing case that has some
s.

autiful girl of four-
and laid out. Beside
of her sister Mattie,
ars. In an adjacent
year-old brother is
ain praying for re-
probably bring in a
e. Melrose and her
nd white Robert, aged
nd bed and guarded by
had the awful charge
head of having poison-

ntained Arsenic.

suddenly taken ill
supper table. Cassin
complained of its burn-
ing followed and
ere called in declared
poisoned with arsenic.
st affected and his sis-
ter did not drink his
ed as did the others
miting by the use of
rate he was able to
it and aided the phy-
on the others.

en he heard that the
sonic he drank a half
sitting in front of his
nd at once became so-

led at 8 o'clock this
d died an hour and a
d now the only one
dical condition.

The office has been placed
examination and op-
er conduct of Robert
n placed under police

es Advanced.

ut the affair is why
uld have drunk the po-
taining that the phy-
sician was poisoned. The
it to ally suspicion.
known motive for the
ure the family's lit-
even this isn't tena-
s living, though now

ry met this morning
t tonight in order to
work up further evi-

the accused boy, has
and recently has spent
in certain "colle-
s jewels were stolen
ice are attempting to
no source of income.

the corner's jury
the chemist who ex-
found arsenic in large
vessels were heard and
the character of the
it will be the respon-
was taken until to-
The victims will be

STATISTICS.

Deal in Excess of Con-
ption.

18.—The March report
the department of agri-
culture. It shows that the
world exceeded the year
in a million and one-half
nearly greatly enlarged
the markets, increas-
the past year more
undred thousand bales,
spoon price of middling
in January, 1891, to
1892. It states that in
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to support it.

TO WORK

of the Democratic
of the Convention.
delegations, and go to

nt Slaton, of the Young
ge, thinks the various
of the south should go
convention.

an effort in that direc-
tion, now," said he, "ye-
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You'll just now about what
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SATURDAY

Will Deliver His Third
at Conyers.

not speak at Conyers
next Saturday.

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PORTER STOCKS'S GUN

Puts a Piece of Lead Into Alf Cassin's
Body,

AND THE WOUND IS DANGEROUS.

The Two Men, Old Friends and Acquaintances, Have a Misunderstanding, Which Results in the Shooting.

Porter Stocks shot Alf Cassin last night, and Cassin will die.

With difficulty the revolver was wrested from the hands of Stocks, who made every effort to shoot his opponent a second time.

The affair happened at the office of Redd's livery stable, on Loyd street, shortly before 7 o'clock.

A previous quarrel was the direct cause. The Afternoon Quarrel.

Early in the afternoon the two young men met and together started out to Grant park in the interests of Mr. Redd. They were old friends, and not the slightest suspicion of any impending trouble entered the minds of either.

About 4 o'clock they returned and entering the stable walked into the office and sat down, talking and chatting with those about them. Captain Lyle and one of the employees of the place were the other persons present.

The discussion was animated though friendly. Finally one word brought on another and the men began using strong language toward each other. Finally Cassin took offense at a remark made by Stocks and sent his hat spinning across the room.

This served to arouse marked ill-feeling and the two young men were soon quarreling in earnest. Stocks finally arose to leave, and as he reached the door was met, it is said, by an insulting remark from Cassin.

"He then said to me," stated Stocks last night, "D—n you. I am tired of your foolishness and am going to kill you the first time I ever see you again."

As to the truth of that there is no other testimony than that of Stocks himself.

Matters quieted down after Stocks left, the verbal storm blew over and was forgotten by those at the office.

The Shooting.

Not so with Stocks.

It was less than two hours later when he returned. Scarcely any attention was paid to the fact. N. B. Baird, one of the employees of Mr. Redd, was standing opposite the door of the office and saw the young man enter it.

An instant later he was startled to see Stocks draw a revolver, and before he could reach him and check his arm, a flash was seen, and there was a loud report.

Cassin staggered. Stocks immediately raised his weapon and cocked it. His finger was on the trigger when he felt a powerful grasp from behind, and a moment afterwards was thrown back by the wall.

Baird had grabbed him and held him in a vice-like grip; but even in that position Stocks attempted to shoot again. Baird was too quick for him, and seizing his wrist, pushed his arm down. Then a desperate struggle ensued for the possession of the weapon.

It was all over in another second. The pistol had been wrested from the grasp of its enraged owner, and he himself was pinned against the wainscoting.

At that time the other employees of the stable had come into the office, attracted by the shot, and they assisted Baird. Officer Ivey was on the scene, the first of any outsider. He placed Stocks in custody, and brought him to the stationhouse.

Stocks was locked up, and the charge of assault with intent to murder was entered against him. The pistol had been secured, and it was not until it was laid on the station house keeper's desk that the patrolman knew of its being cocked.

Cassin's Terrible Wound.

Cassin was removed almost immediately to his room above the office, and Dr. Gaston was summoned. The injured man was at first thought to be dying, but he shortly rallied.

The ball was found to have entered the left side, a little below the nipple, and passed between the sixth and seventh ribs. It narrowly missed the heart.

Until 10 o'clock it was thought that the lung had not been touched. At that time, however, Cassin had a hemorrhage. There was no checking of the flow of blood, and it was seen that the man would very probably not live through the night.

There are little chances for his recovery.

What Stocks Says.

Seated in cell No. 11, at police headquarters last night, Porter Stocks gave his statement of the trouble.

"We were good friends, Cassin and I," he stated "and had been out riding together this afternoon. When we got back we were talking in the stable and became involved in a quarrel. Cassin without provocation knocked my hat off and then struck me."

"I wanted to avoid trouble, and told him so. That only caused Cassin to curse and abuse me. Ordinarily, I would have promptly responded to it, but he was drunk."

"I saw the consequences of the trouble if I remained, so I arose to go. At the door Cassin took his fist at me and said:

"D—n you, I am going to kill you the first time I see you again."

"To that I paid no attention at first, but it began to prey on my mind. There is no telling what a drunken man will do, and I began to believe that he meant to carry out his threat. I thought of my wife and baby, and returned to the stable."

"As I walked in Cassin grabbed an inkstand with one hand and placed his other hand to his hip pocket. Without further hesitation I blazed away."

"Did you shoot to kill?"

"I just shot without thinking what I would do."

"You went off after the weapon?"

"No; I had it with me the first time I was at Redd's."

Says but Little.

Cassin was unable to say much about the affair. Between groups he stated that he had been turned when Stocks entered, and that he was shot unaware.

"What was the trouble?"

"Don't know. Suppose quarrel we had this afternoon," he managed to say slowly.

Baird, who was an eye-witness, substantiated Cassin's statement about his back having been turned.

"He was standing talking with Ed Holland," said he, "when Stocks walked in and shot immediately."

The shooting attracted the widest interest. Both men are well known in the city. Cassin was a bookkeeper for Mr. Redd, and Stocks was with the East Tennessee.

Looking for Her Husband.

Brunswick, Ga., March 17.—(Special).—Mrs. Dan Carr, a woman of pleasing appearance, is anxiously searching the country for her husband, who left her Wednesday. They have been married about ten years, came south last week, and since then Carr has been dissatisfied, accusing his wife of neglecting him by her presence. Mrs. Carr sought police aid today.

SOCIETY GOSSIP.

A wedding of great social interest—one of the contracting parties to which is a charming young lady of Atlanta, the other a son of one of the most prominent families in New York—is soon to take place in this city.

The bride-to-be is Miss Matie Harris Burns. The bridegroom is Mr. Herbert Becher, a young member of one of New York's most prominent families, a charming and cultured gentleman and a man of great wealth.

Miss Burns's home is at Yonkers, that home of aristocratic New Yorkers, but for some time Mr. Nichols has resided in the far west where he has large interests. While in New York some time ago he met Miss Burns. The union of the two is a case of love at first sight, and now comes the announcement of the wedding, which will take place at St. Luke's cathedral on the evening of Wednesday, April 6th. After the ceremony, Mr. and Mrs. Nichols will go to the far west, to Spokane Falls, Wash., where Mr. Nichols has large interests. They will make their home in Yonkers, where Mr. Nichols has a handsome estate, a charming and cultured gentleman and a man of great wealth.

Miss Burns is one of the prettiest and one of the most charming young ladies who has ever lived in Atlanta. She is bright and vivacious and an exceedingly talented girl, and in all ways is a favorite in society, and will be greatly missed during her absence.

Mrs. C. A. Rauschenbush and Miss Lizzy Renfro, of Edgewood, left yesterday for Florida. They will visit the principal cities in Florida, and will be away several weeks. Their husbands are favorites in society, and will be greatly missed during their absence.

The "Candy Bazaar" will be held again this afternoon at the residence of Mrs. G. W. D. Cook, on Peachtree.

The concert matinee was given at the opera house this afternoon by Mr. Blumenthal and Mr. Howell will be one of the most delightful musical affairs of the season. Both these gentlemen number among their admirers and musical Atlanta will be out in force to enjoy their concert matinee.

Mrs. J. S. Raine, of this city, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. T. Hester, at Albany.

Mrs. George W. Henderson is quite ill at her home, No. 134 Ivy street.

Miss Mary Keeland, a charming and pretty young lady of Chattanooga, is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Charles Cox, on Williams street.

Greenesboro, Ga., March 18.—(Special).—Mrs. O. T. Oliphant and her two children, of Thomson, are on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. C. M. King.

Mr. Charles J. Bayne, the gifted young editor and poet of the Augusta Chronicle, was in the city this week, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Young.

Miss Susie Dawson, of Atlanta, is visiting relatives in Greensboro.

Mrs. W. S. Davis has returned from a visit to Dawson, Ga.

Miss M. Jernigan, of Montgomery, Ala., is spending some time in Greensboro.

Miss Jude Weaver, who has been quite ill for some time, has almost entirely recovered, and is now visiting relatives in Macon.

Mr. O. S. Davis, of Atlanta, was in Greensboro this week.

Maskrey Comes Today.

And Then the Atlanta Club Will Be Ready for Work.

Manager Maskrey will reach Atlanta today.

And before the sun goes down Monday he will have a half dozen players under contract for the Atlanta baseball team.

Muskey's coming will arouse all the latest baseball fever in the south and will give an impetus to the game which has not been seen in Atlanta since the days of Schuchitz and Furell. The various committees of the Atlanta club have everything ready for Muskey, and their work now is to get the grounds in shape for the season.

Nearly all the grading is finished and by Monday the scenery will be ready for the roller which will make the earth as smooth and level as a floor. The fence has also been completed and the station house carpenters will begin work on the grand stand.

And that grand stand will be the pride of the city.

No city in this neck of the woods has ever contemplated such a grand stand as Atlanta will erect. Every detail will be thorough and perfect. The stand will be a revelation to the people of the south.

Next Friday the grounds will be thrown open for the first time. Ward's great team will be here to cross bats with the Atlantas. Ward is known wherever baseball has been heard of and the appreciation this year of the finest in the country. Ward is now in Florida playing, but will reach Atlanta next Thursday night. It will be a good opening card.

CITY NEWS IN BRIEF.

Watchmen are now constantly on duty at the Grady hospital. Day and night the watchmen make thorough and careful tours of the grounds and buildings. Objectionable visitors are thus prevented.

Tom Morris, the well-known conductor on the Whitehall line, was severely hurt yesterday. In stepping from a car Morris wrenched one of his ankles so badly that he was unable to walk through his car, and was compelled to give up his run.

Jake Rahl, the well-known drayman, whose headquarters is enough for any long-eared quadruped to pull, is now without a motive power. Rahl has been driving a big sorrel mule for years. Yesterday that mule had a hard fall in front of Chamberlain, Jonathan and Taylor for having run a mule in a fracture of one of the mule's hind legs, which was so bad that the mule's death was necessary. It was a pistol ball and then the big green wagon, in which stood the quadruped, are hauled to the quadruped cemetery.

Secretary M. M. Kline, of the National Real Estate Association, has written John C. Hendrix, stating that the board of control would meet in Chicago the 25th of this month. Captain Hendrix, who is in the city, will leave Atlanta Sunday night and join the Nashville delegation, which goes by Evansville to Chicago.

Superintendent Richards is now perfecting a report of the city Engineer Clayton and John C. Hendrix, stating that the board of control would meet in Chicago the 25th of this month. Captain Hendrix, who is in the city, will leave Atlanta Sunday night and join the Nashville delegation, which goes by Evansville to Chicago.

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POISON DID IT.

A Mysterious Suicide at the Kimball House.

CHARLES B. AVERY'S LAST DRINK

Was a Mixture of Morphine and Water. Taken in Room at the Kimball, Where He Died.

A startling discovery was that which Special Officer Burks made at room 419 at the Kimball house yesterday morning.

Lying on a bed, as though asleep, was Charles B. Avery, a well-known young drug clerk, cold in death. An examination revealed the fact that he had been dead a number of hours.

It was Wednesday night when Avery walked up to the desk at the Kimball house and secured a room. With the clerk he left instructions to be called at noon the following day.

That the young man did not take his own life that night and was not dead twenty-four hours when found was evidenced by the statements of the bell boy, who took him a pitcher of ice water at 6 o'clock on Thursday morning.

At 12 o'clock the door of room 419 was vigorously rapped on to rouse the occupant as requested. No further attention was paid the drug clerk that day.

Early yesterday morning an effort was made to enter the room. Every attempt to enter proved unsuccessful and the circumstances began to grow suspicious.

It was reported at the office shortly after 1 o'clock and immediately Officer Burks went to investigate the matter. A loud knock of the door that rattled through and then the officer saw a ladder and mounted to the transom.

In this way he entered, and struck a light.

Then turning to the bed he discovered young Avery lying upon his back, apparently sleeping soundly. A moment later, however, he discovered that the drug clerk was dead.

A messenger was hastily detailed by the patrolman to secure a physician. Dr. Huzzar responded to the summons, and after a short examination, he pronounced Avery dead, and stated that death had ensued several hours before.

It Was Morphine.

Morphine did it, and the drug had been taken with suicidal intent. A small envelope was found on a table in the room, and in it was a note, "Poison," written. Just beneath this was a "Morphine." In another portion of the room were two wrappers of white paper in which the deadly poison evidently had been put up.

Everything about the apartment showed very great confusion that indicated the carelessness of one who contemplated such a step as this.

There were no written statements to explain the cause of the suicide—nothing except a few Latin words which were translated, "No man is heir to the living."

Officer Burks immediately notified Coroner Davis, and the body was removed to Davis's undertaking establishment.

The Inquest.

At 10 o'clock yesterday morning an inquest was held. A number of witnesses were examined, and the cause could throw no light upon the matter.

Young Avery was subject to convulsions and it was because of this and an attendant illness that the apartment was taken with Dr. Theodore Schumann last year. In October he regained his health and returned to his work, but he left again two months later.

On the 1st of the present month he went to work for Dr. Gregory. He remained at the store during the day, but in the following day was dismissed by the druggist. He boarded at 166 South Pryor street, and was last seen at the place about noon on Wednesday.

A telegram was sent to the young man's parents in Mississippi and to his sister in Chattanooga, and preparations for his funeral await their directions.

Young Avery was about thirty years of age, and came to Atlanta from New York in 1880. During that time he had made quite an extensive acquaintance, and among his friends he gained the reputation for being a good fellow and a generous man.

There was nothing about his disposition calculated to cause any fit of despondency, and the tragic affair will perhaps be forever shrouded in mystery.

A DESPERATE ENCOUNTER.

During Which a Policeman Kills a Negro. Wanted for Wife Beating.

